Yellow

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Yellow

by JustAnotherFanfictionWriter

Summary

In the distance, Will could hear Hannibal screaming his name. Will felt like sobbing in joy as his father sighed in irritation. Will bit his father's hand hard enough for the man to lift it from his mouth. Will screamed again. In a panic, Mr. Graham bashed his son over the head, knocking the boy unconscious. He shook his head. He heard Hannibal throwing himself against the door, screaming Will's name. Mr. Graham shook his head again. He turned his attention to Will.

Notes

If you have not read the other two parts of the Hannibal Color Stories series, please go do that now! They are titled Red, Black, and White respectively.

Yellow--Yellow often stands for light, the Sun's rays, intellect, faith, and/or goodness. However, yellow can also be a sign of cowardice, betrayal, and/or jealousy. Insects that bear yellow and black stripes are often poisonous, or attempting to mimic another poisonous insect, and in this respect yellow can be seen as a warning, and/or protection for it's bearer. In medical terms, a yellow flag means quarantine.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will's birthday came quickly, in his eyes. His heart was racing. He'd worn his best shirt and pants, which weren't much. His shirt was a plaid button-down and his pants were some tan cargo pants. Will nervously set the table for his father, Detective Smith, and Hannibal. He'd convinced his father to let the boy come over, which was something. Will was more excited to have Hannibal over than he was about Detective Smith; part of him still suspected the detective. Hannibal had convinced him it would be a good idea for Hannibal to study the detective and determine if he really was who he said he was.

Hannibal and Will were dating in secret from his father. They were a good fit for each other; Will could keep Hannibal normal and Hannibal could keep Will grounded. Will felt alive around the boy.

Will heard the knock on the door. His heart leapt as he stood upright. Will's father handed him plates. Will would have liked to go answer the door for Hannibal, but knew he should set the table first.

"Come on in!" Will called, "Sorry I couldn't come to the door."

Will only set one of the four plates down when he was pulled back roughly. He dropped the plates as he was held close. The cool blade of a knife was placed to his throat. Hannibal ran into the room after hearing the plates fall. Will watched the boy in fear.

"Put the knife down." Hannibal said sternly.

The world felt like it froze. Will heard his father chuckle darkly. Will barely felt like this was real, but it was. Will felt the knife slide along his throat, and blood pour out of the fresh wound. He gasped, falling to his knees. He held his throat and crawled out of the way, gasping for breath as he did. Hannibal had launched himself at Will's father. Will leaned against the cupboards, trying to stop the bleeding. Will watched as Hannibal bit his father's face. The man threw Hannibal off of him, and took off running. Hannibal began to race after him, murder in his eyes.

"Hannib…" Will called out gently, reaching out for Hannibal.

Will had coughed and choked on the wound before he could finish calling to Hannibal. Hannibal froze, his shoulders tense. Hannibal turned to Will after a few seconds, gently removing the phone from the hook. He dialed the police, removing Will's hand from his throat. He placed his own over Will's wound, pulling the boy so he was laying down. Will's head rested on Hannibal's thighs, so he could watch the boy. Will watched Hannibal with thankful eyes as he gasped for breath.

"Hello?" Hannibal said into the phone, "Yes. No. My friend's throat is cut, and he's bleeding rather badly, please send help."

Will was amazed at how calm Hannibal spoke. Will began to feel slightly lightheaded now that he was lying down.

“531 Lafayette Street. Yes, that’s right. Well, his father cut it.” Hannibal spoke again.

Will felt his eyes begin to flutter shut. He forced himself to wake up, watching Hannibal. Hannibal watched Will then, studying the boy and making sure he was fine.

“Yes, he is. I am. Um…just one vein, I think.” Hannibal spoke, then turned attention to Will, “Here love…”

Hannibal moved Will from the floor back to the cabinet. It didn’t do much with his drowsiness, but it did wake him up a bit. Will saw the concern in Hannibal’s eyes. He gently placed his hand on Hannibal’s.

“Yes, he’s awake.” Hannibal said to whoever was on the phone.

Hannibal listened for a bit, and looked at Will.

“The nice lady told me to ask you your name. Can you remember your name, love?”

Will watched Hannibal for a few seconds. He didn’t understand why he needed to repeat his name, but he nodded.

“My name…is Will…” Will tried to speak.

His voice was only a whisper then. Hannibal looked heartbroken, but nodded. He smiled sadly at Will, resting the phone on his shoulder. Hannibal took his now free hand and stroked Will’s cheek.

“He did, about thirty seconds ago. Yes. White, six feet tall, about two hundred pounds, blue eyes, brown hair, wearing a red plaid shirt and blue jeans covered in human blood. I didn’t see the direction. Well, I certainly hope so. Thank you, ma’am.” Hannibal said, “Yes, please stay on the line. I’ll put you on speaker.”

Hannibal removed his hand from Will’s cheek to take the phone, and put it on speaker. He placed the phone beside Will, and resumed stroking the boy’s cheek.

“Will?” The operator called, “Hi, my name is Alice. I’m going to need you to stay with me, okay?”

“Okay.” Will croaked.

“An ambulance and some police cars are on their way, don’t you worry.” Alice said, “Just please stay awake.”

“Okay.” Will whispered.

He watched Hannibal to keep himself awake. The boy couldn’t hide his concerns any longer. He heard the sirens after a short while, thankful that they arrived so quickly. Will blinked, but when he opened his eyes everything was different. Detective Smith was talking

to Hannibal. Detective Smith's boss stood nearby, watching the two with a pained expression. Paramedics had loaded Will up on a stretcher, and were applying pressure to his wound.

"He came to." One of the paramedics called out.

"What's…?" Will mumbled.

Hannibal had jumped to Will's side, holding his hand fiercely. Hannibal insisted on coming with Will, since no family was present. The paramedics wanted to refuse, but Detective Smith convinced them to. The pair was loaded up into the ambulance.

The ride was tough for Will. He wanted to sleep, but knew that he had to stay awake. He couldn't let himself slip. He wasn't paying much attention to what was going on inside, he just stared off into space blankly. Hannibal would try to get his attention on occasion, and he'd hold it for a few seconds before it drifted away again. Hannibal looked as if he wanted to cry when Will's attention left. Will wished he could apologize to Hannibal. He desperately wanted to.

When they arrived at the hospital, Will was rushed away from Hannibal. The boy could no longer follow. Will's eyes fluttered shut almost immediately after Hannibal let him go.

Hannibal watched as Will was rushed away, watching the boy's eyes close. He stood numb for a while. He couldn't do much to save Will, no matter what he wanted. Hannibal couldn't protect what was his. He felt a boiling rage from deep down. He wanted to feel Mr. Graham's blood. He imagined all of the ways he could kill the man, which brought him joy and comfort.

"No more killing people."

Hannibal choked on those words that crept into his mind. He'd remembered how stern Will looked, though he was still a bit pale from the whole ordeal. Tears managed to creep their way into Hannibal's eyes, which he quickly wiped away. He couldn't kill. He'd made a promise to Will. He wouldn't break that promise, even if…

Hannibal shook his head. He couldn't put any doubt in his mind that Will wouldn't survive. He had to believe, with all his heart, that Will would be okay. Taking a shaky sigh, Hannibal walked to the front desk. He asked if he could borrow a phone to call his uncle.

Hannibal only waited a few seconds before his uncle came on.

"What's up?" He asked.

Hannibal was slightly relieved. The story hadn't gotten out yet.

"Uh…" Hannibal didn't know what to tell him, "I'm in the hospital. Will got hurt."

"Hurt?" Hannibal's uncle asked.

“Yes. Badly.” Hannibal replied, “I’d rather talk to you in person.”

“I’ll be over as soon as I can.” Hannibal’s uncle said.

“Can you bring some spare cloths for Will and myself?” Hannibal asked.

“Of course. I’ll see you soon.”

“Thank you. Bye.”

There was a hesitation to Hannibal’s uncle’s voice. The man sounded like he wanted to say something, but didn’t. Hannibal waited in the lobby for his uncle, who showed up shortly after the call ended. The man had a fresh pair of cloths for Hannibal and Will. Hannibal smiled at his uncle, and went to the bathroom to wash the blood from his hands and change his cloths. Hannibal rested his hands on the sink after he’d washed the blood off. He stared at it, trying not to burst into tears. He was shaking slightly, trying to hold himself together. He didn’t know how to feel about what was happening to Will. He wiped his eyes when he heard someone coming in, straightening up and looking at who it was in the mirror.

Detective Smith watched the boy with a worried gaze. Hannibal didn’t say a thing as he began to change his shirt.

“We’re going to need to question you in a while. I’ll come and get you when we’re ready.” Detective Smith said gently.

“That’s fine.” Hannibal replied numbly.

With a nod, Detective Smith left Hannibal alone. Hannibal changed his cloths, and sighed. He had to face the questioning whether he liked it or not.

Mr. Graham touched his cheek, where Hannibal had bitten off part of his skin. It made him recognizable. Especially since they were going to question the boy. He had to finish off his son quickly, before anyone found him. The safe house he used was secure, though he figured they’d be on the hunt soon. He tended his wounds while watching the news. He’d have to find out where Will was, and the news wasn’t providing him with anything. After placing a simple Band-Aid over the wound and changing cloths, he grabbed his jacket and headed out.

At the local library, Mr. Graham found what he was looking for. There was a “breakthrough” in the Shrike case—his last victim was alive. Tattle Crime had done it again, in the eyes of Mr. Graham. He found a beautiful picture of his son being wheeled into the nearby hospital. The name of said hospital had not been blurred out, much to his delight.

“Interested in the shrike case?” A redhead asked him.

Mr. Graham nodded. Her hair was very curly, and her cheekbones very defined. She gave him a sweet smile, her icy blue eyes piercing through him as if analyzing him.

“I have a son that looks like the boys being killed.” Mr. Graham said simply, faking an English accent, “I want to know if the bastard has been caught.”

“I hope they do it soon. I feel bad for that boy, though.” The lady said, pointing to Will, “He had to deal with this. Thankfully his boyfriend was there to help him.”

Mr. Graham nodded, trying not to clench his jaw. He exited the website, leaving the computer after logging off. The man thanked the librarian and left quickly. He had no idea that the woman had snapped a picture of him behind his back.

It felt like hours before Hannibal was allowed to see Will again. Hannibal’s uncle stood outside the room, so he didn’t crowd the boy as he and Hannibal were nearby. He stood in the doorway, just to make sure Will was alive. He wasn’t awake, but he was breathing.

Hannibal sat next to the bed, gently holding Will’s hand. He stroked Will’s hair. Hannibal wouldn’t take his eyes off of Will, watching every breath the boy took. He had to make sure Will was still alive, still himself.

“I’m sorry.” He finally sobbed out softly, “I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you.”

Hannibal half hoped Will would make a response. He didn’t. Hannibal tried his best to keep himself from crying, but tears finally fell from his eyes. He couldn’t hold it in any longer. He wanted Will to be alright, to be safe. He couldn’t lose another person who was close to him. He’d lived through it once. He didn’t know if he could live through this. Especially if Will left him behind. Hannibal rested his head against Will’s hand, sobbing bitterly.

Detective Smith poked his head in the room, only to stand there awkwardly. He watched how Hannibal was hunched over. Jack Crawford entered shortly after the detective, and also watched Hannibal. Jack winced, tugging Detective Smith’s sleeve. He gestured to leave with his head, and the pair quietly stepped out. They would let Hannibal calm down before they talked to him, which didn’t happen until he was kicked out of Will’s hospital room for the night.

He was tired and felt really sick from all of the crying he’d done. He went straight home, while Jack and Detective Smith promised to interview him the next day.

Mr. Graham found that killing a doctor would be challenging for him. However, he needed the body. He’d already prepared some fake teeth for any occasion that he would need them. For now, he’d just kidnapped one from the hospital. He didn’t speak when he did, and he’d taken the doctor that night. He admired the doctor for a moment while he was blindfolded. He ripped the tape off of the poor man’s mouth. He immediately started to scream, to which Mr. Graham placed a hand over his mouth.

“Shh…” Mr. Graham said.

The doctor fell silent immediately. He shivered in fear.

“It will all be over soon.” Mr. Graham whispered.

He couldn’t strangle or stab the man, which made this difficult. He sighed. He put the false teeth in the man’s mouth, which clicked into place like they should. It wasn’t a good solution to the problem, but it would buy him time. He’d already taken the cloths off of the man. Now it was time to leave the safehouse. Mr. Graham picked up the wax he’d bought, and patched up his cheek. He painted the wax to match his skin, smiling when it was finished. He now looked like the doctor. He changed into the outfit the doctor wore, and came back into the room.

“What are you going to do with me?” The doctor asked.

“You’ll see.” Mr. Graham replied.

Mr. Graham left the house. When he got a few paces away, he’d hit his remote detonator. It wouldn’t start a large explosion, just one big enough to start a fire. He slipped on a spare pair of glasses and headed out to the doctor’s home. He’d free his son from the Devil that took him in a few days, when everything had settled down.

Hannibal had been allowed a few days with Will, to help him adjust. Will was recovering, gaining more color each day. When Hannibal felt ready, he went in for questioning.

“So you knew.” Detective Smith stated plainly, “You knew Mr. Graham was the murderer.”

“We suspected.” Hannibal replied.

Jack watched him sternly. His arms were folded, and he didn’t comment on the way the interrogation was going. He knew Will and Hannibal were smart, and could have figured it out.

“Why didn’t you report him?” Detective Smith asked.

“Because we also suspected you.” Hannibal said.

Detective Smith’s brow creased. Jack Crawford stepped in then, sitting down across from Hannibal.

“Why?” Detective Smith asked.

“A Detective normally doesn’t follow a kid from town to town.” Hannibal stated sternly.

“I was placing him there.” Jack replied calmly, “I wanted to keep an eye on him.”

“Why?” Hannibal asked.

“He reminds me of someone I once knew.” Jack mumbled.

Hannibal watched the man in confusion, but soon nodded.

“So, are you going to watch Will?” Hannibal asked, “Mr. Graham is an obsessive stalker. I doubt he’d just leave Will be.”

“We’ve put police outside of his room.” Jack replied, “I don’t think Mr. Graham is too happy that his son is still alive.”

“So why aren’t you looking for him?” Hannibal asked.

“We are. We just need—.” Detective Smith chimed.

“You should be looking harder.” Hannibal insisted, “He could be—.”

“Listen, Hannibal, you insisting that us look for him isn’t gonna catch him any sooner.” Jack stated dryly, “We just need to know the details before we arrest him.”

“Alright.” Hannibal grumbled.

He began the tale from his perspective.

Will woke up faintly when he felt the bed moving. He looked around sleepily, watching his doctor. He blinked a bit, yawning softly. Will noticed they were in an elevator. He looked around, wondering what was going on. Something told Will to keep quiet, so he said nothing. He didn’t even move like he was awake after the doctor resumed pushing the bed. Will watched as he was wheeled into an operation room that wasn’t in use. He felt nervous when the doctor circled the bed. Will closed his eyes swiftly, pretending he was still asleep. He felt the doctor gently stroke his cheek.

“All I wanted was for us to stick together.” Mr. Graham mused, “You’re all I have in this world, and that Lecter Devil stole you from me.”

Will heard his father sigh as his heartrate spiked. He heard Mr. Graham walk to another table and pick up a scalpel. Will couldn’t keep himself quiet any longer, shrieking.

Will’s father placed a hand over his mouth to silence him, but it was too late. Hannibal had heard the shriek, and had torn down the hallway to find him.

“Don’t scream, Will.” Mr. Graham whispered, “This is what’s best for you.”

Will continued to scream into his father’s hand. Mr. Graham moved his hospital gown up, exposing his belly. Will knew then he was going to be gutted. Will bit his father’s hand, trying to get him to move it so he could scream more. His father didn’t yield, even when Will tasted blood. He began to cry when the scalpel moved gently over the boy’s stomach, just enough for Will to feel the cold blade without cutting him. With a nod, Mr. Graham jerked his hand forward. Will screamed when he felt the pain shoot up from his abdomen as his father cut him open again. Will wished it was just a cruel nightmare. Will

knew there would be more to come, and waited in preparation. He mentally begged that Hannibal would show up soon, before he was too far gone.

In the distance, Will could hear Hannibal screaming his name. Will felt like sobbing in joy as his father sighed in irritation. Will bit his father's hand hard enough for the man to lift it from his mouth. Will screamed again. In a panic, Mr. Graham bashed his son over the head, knocking the boy unconscious. He shook his head. He heard Hannibal throwing himself against the door, screaming Will's name. Mr. Graham shook his head again. He turned his attention to Will.

"What the hell are you doing?" A nurse cried.

"My friend's in there!" Hannibal screamed, "Stalker has him! He needs help!"

"Nobody's in there." The nurse said

Mr. Graham heard keys jingling as he prepared to make another cut. He heard the door open, and Hannibal ran into the room. He threw himself into Mr. Graham, screaming. He'd wrestled the scalpel out of the man's hands. The man punched Hannibal in his exposed throat, causing the boy to start to choke. He stood up, taking another scalpel. He was going to kill the Lecter child, too. Mr. Graham raised his arms and prepared to strike Hannibal.

"Freeze." Jack Crawford shouted.

Mr. Graham froze. Hannibal struggled to stand, stepping away from him. He checked on Will, who was losing more blood. Doctors rushed in, taking Will to a different room. Hannibal tried to follow, but was stopped by Detective Smith. The boy had no fight left, as he just leaned against Detective Smith. His pants were covered in Will's blood from when he'd knelt.

"Drop the scalpel." Jack ordered.

Mr. Graham dropped it, glaring at Jack. Jack proceeded to arrest Mr. Graham, dragging him from the hospital. Hannibal glared after the man. Hannibal had a hard time believing this was happening again. He tried not to crumble into Detective Smith, but he couldn't stop the tears this time. The Detective comforted him as best he could while Hannibal released his fears through tears.

End Notes

The next part will be written separately, I couldn't bring myself to write more. I thank you all for all of the amazing comments!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!